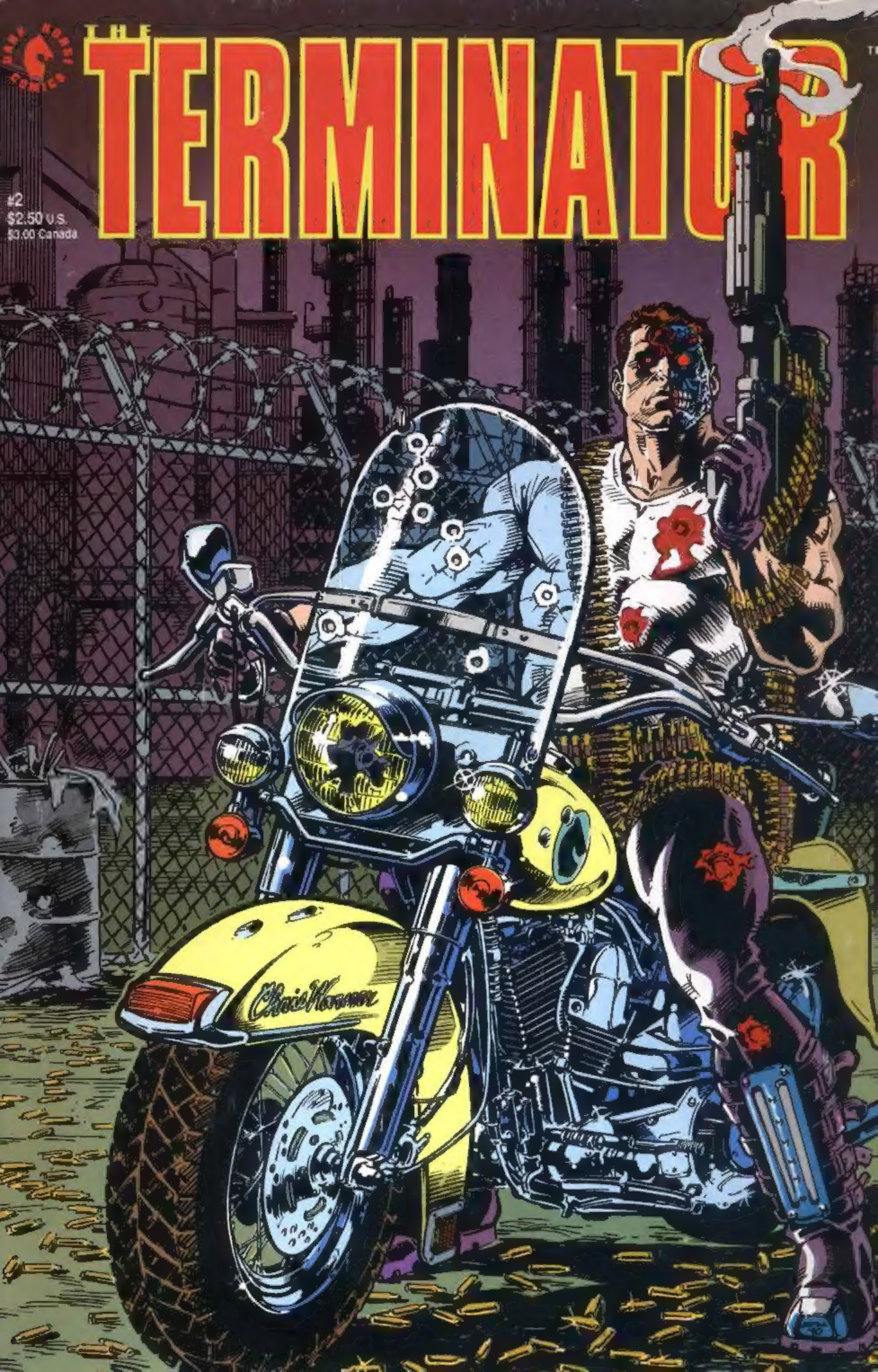
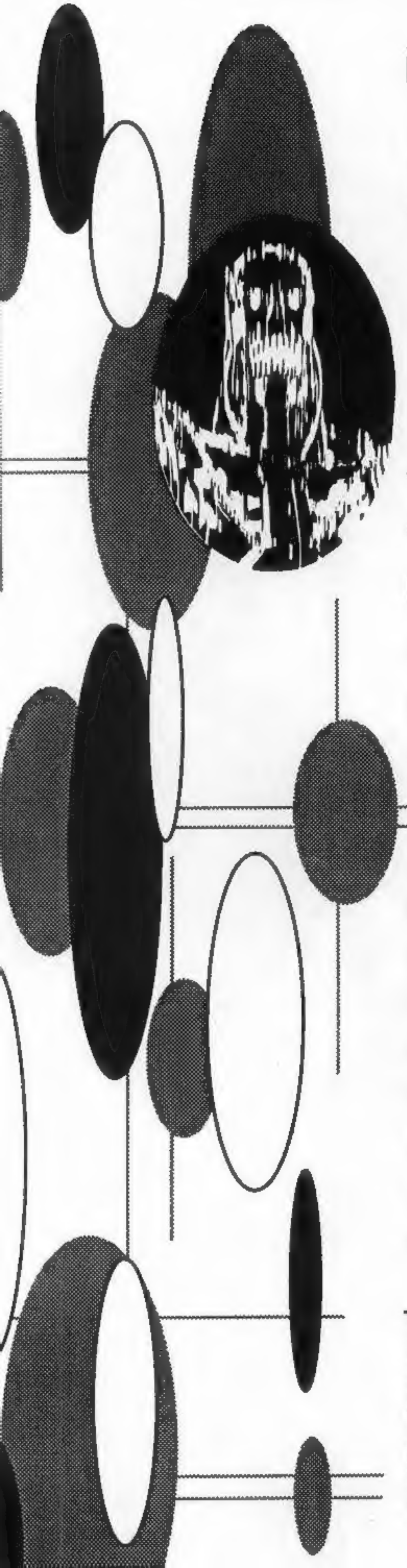

DARK HORSE COMICS
THE TERMINATOR
#2
$2.50 U.S.
$3.00 Canada
Chris Warner



THE TERMINATOR: TEMPEST

John Arcudi • writer

Chris Warner • penciller

Paul Guinan • inker

Karen Casey-Smith • letterer

Chris Chalenor • colorist

Diana Schutz • editor

Mike Richardson • publisher

Randy Stradley • executive editor

Neil Hankerson • director of operations

Bob Schreck • marketing director

Chris Chalenor • production manager

Jack Pollock, Monty Sheldon, Jim Spivey • production

Brad Horn • controller

Jerry Prosser, Debbie Byrd • operations

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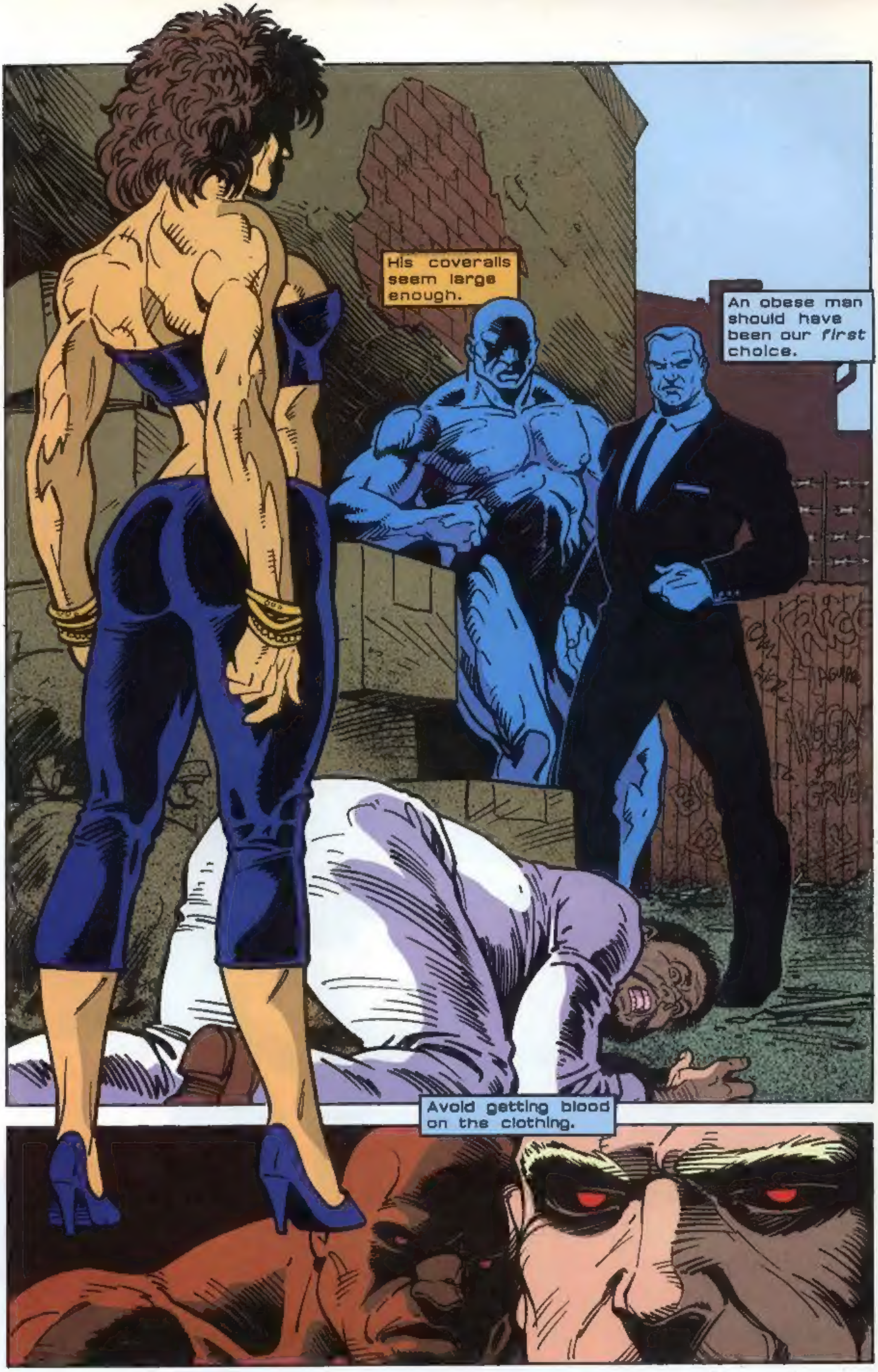
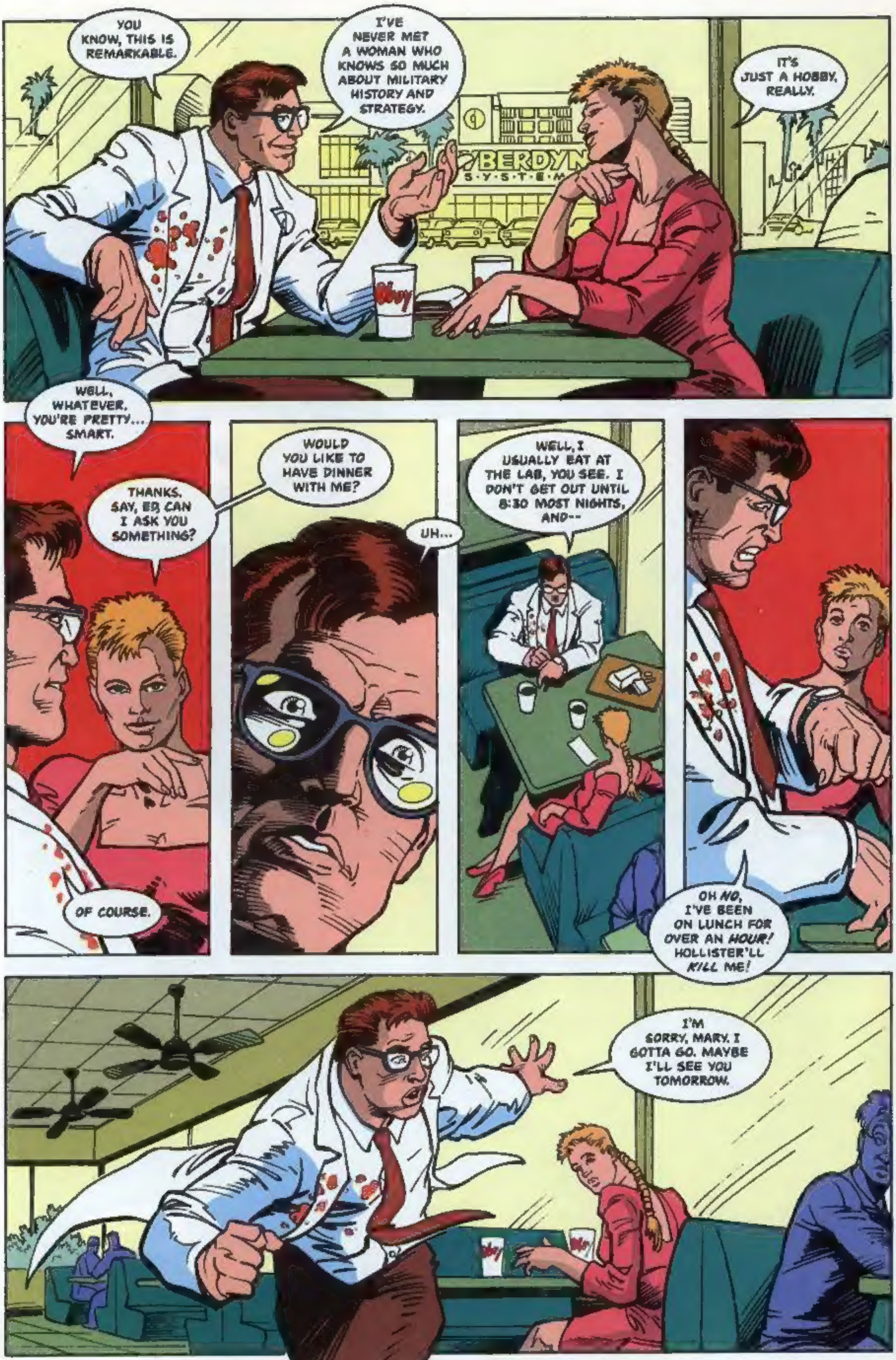
WELL, IT'S KIND OF EARLY IN THE DAY, AND I SHOULD BE GETTING BACK TO THE GARAGE, BUT...
...YOU'RE SUCH A PRETTY THING, I GUESS I'LL JUST TAKE A LOOONG LUNCH.
MY CAR IS PARKED BACK IN THE ALLEY. WE CAN HAVE A LITTLE PRIVACY THERE.
THERE AIN'T NO CAR BACK HERE.
SORRY, HONEY, BUT IT LOOKS LIKE YOUR WHEELS GOT RIPPED OFF!
YOU'RE GONNA HAVE TO LEARN TO BE MORE CAREFUL IN A ROUGH NEIGHBORHOOD LIKE THIS.
URRK!


His coveralls seem large enough.
An obese man should have been our *first* choice.
Avoid getting blood on the clothing.

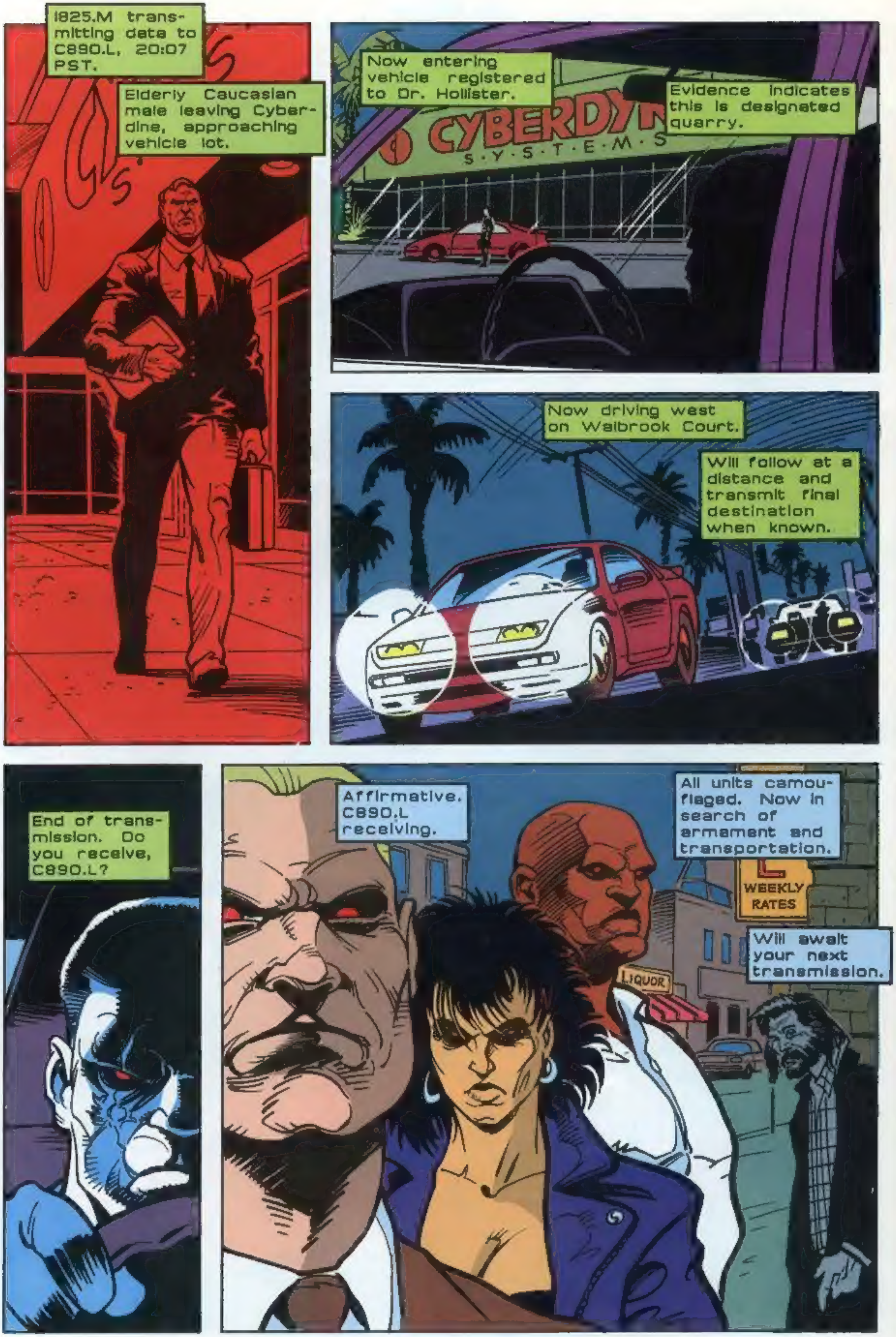
NO, NO. THAT ISN'T RIGHT EITHER.
ALL THIS DATA HOLLISTER GAVE ME SEEMS INACCURATE.
STILL, IF HE'S RIGHT, THIS COULD PROVE VERY PROFITABLE.
I GUESS THAT'S WHY HE'S SO SECRETIVE. MUST FIGURE IF I KNOW TOO MUCH, I'LL STEAL HIS WORK.
PARANOID OLD BASTARD.
I'M GOING TO STEP OUT FOR A SANDWICH, DOCTOR HOLLISTER.
DON'T TAKE FOREVER, ASTIN. WE'VE STILL MUCH TO DO. YOU HAVEN'T COME TO ANY CONCLUSIONS ON THAT MATERIAL YET?
UHH, NO. NOT YET, DOCTOR.
THEN GET BACK HERE ALL THE SOONER. DO YOU HEAR ME?
YES, DOCTOR.
Oboy!
Oboy!
Oboy!
GO TO HELL, DOCTOR!

THANK YOU FOR EATING AT OBOY. NEXT!
HEY, WATCH WHERE YOU'RE GOING, YOU CLUMSY--
--OAF.
OH, MY GOSH! I'M TERRIBLY SORRY!
LET ME BUY YOU ANOTHER LUNCH.
ELSEWHERE...
I WONDER IF MARY'S MADE A CONTACT YET.
WHAT IF SHE CAN'T?
WHAT'LL WE DO THEN?
STOP WORRYING ABOUT IT. WE'LL THINK OF SOMETHING.
HEY, WEREN'T THERE ONLY THREE DOGS THIS MORNING?
HERE'S SOME MORE DOG FOOD, ALAN.
THANKS, NAOMI.
HEY, BART, YOU GET THE POWER HOOKED UP YET?
OF COURSE I DID.
I TOLD YOU IT WOULDN'T BE A PROBLEM TAPPING INTO SOMEONE ELSE'S ELECTRICITY, DIDN'T I?

LINE UP, FELLAS. DINNER IS SERVED.
WHY DO YOU KEEP FEEDING THOSE MUTTS?
WHEN MARY AND I FOUND THIS OLD PLACE, THEY WERE ALREADY HERE.
THEY HAVE AS MUCH RIGHT TO LIVE HERE AS WE DO.
AND WHAT ABOUT SECURITY? IF WE HADN'T HAD DOGS TO NOSE OUT THE 800-MODELS, WE WOULD HAVE BEEN WIPED OUT.
THIS IS THE 20TH CENTURY! THERE ARE NO TERMINATORS YET.
AND FEEDING THESE LITTLE FREELOADERS IS AN EXPENSE WE CAN'T AFFORD!
CALL ME CRAZY...
METRO
Two Dead In Drive-By Shooting
5th Nude Body Found In Alhambra
... BUT IN A TOWN LIKE THIS, A FEW WATCHDOGS COULDN'T HURT.


YOU KNOW, THIS IS REMARKABLE.
I'VE NEVER MET A WOMAN WHO KNOWS SO MUCH ABOUT MILITARY HISTORY AND STRATEGY.
IT'S JUST A HOBBY, REALLY.
WELL, WHATEVER. YOU'RE PRETTY... SMART.
THANKS. SAY, ED, CAN I ASK YOU SOMETHING?
OF COURSE.
WOULD YOU LIKE TO HAVE DINNER WITH ME?
UH...
WELL, I USUALLY EAT AT THE LAB, YOU SEE. I DON'T GET OUT UNTIL 8:30 MOST NIGHTS, AND--
OH NO, I'VE BEEN ON LUNCH FOR OVER AN HOUR! HOLLISTER'LL KILL ME!
I'M SORRY, MARY. I GOTTA GO. MAYBE I'LL SEE YOU TOMORROW.

GREAT-- I PULLED THAT OFF JUST GREAT.
IT'S BAD ENOUGH I'M LATE BACK TO THE LAB, BUT I'VE PROBABLY SCARED OFF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMAN I'VE EVER SPOKEN TO.
THIS IS SHAPING UP TO BE ONE HELL OF A DAY.
CYBERDYNE SYSTEMS
D.M.V.? THIS IS LIEUTENANT PINTO IN NARCOTICS.
I'VE GOT A SUSPECTED CRACK DEALER, NAME OF BERTRAM HOLLISTER-- FROM THE WEST L.A. AREA.
Oboy!
I'M ISSUING AN A.P.B., AND NEED HIS LICENSE PLATE AND THE MAKE OF HIS VEHICLE.
I HAVE A RED DATSUN 300ZX, LICENSE 2ATV360, REGISTERED TO DR. BERTRAM HOLLISTER, BUT HE'S ALMOST 60 YEARS OLD!
YES, MA'AM, THAT'S THE ONE.
THANK YOU VERY MUCH.


1825.M transmitting data to C890.L, 20:07 PST.
Elderly Caucasian male leaving Cyberdine, approaching vehicle lot.
Now entering vehicle registered to Dr. Hollister.
CYBERDYNE SYSTEMS
Evidence indicates this is designated quarry.
Now driving west on Walbrook Court.
Will follow at a distance and transmit final destination when known.
End of transmission. Do you receive, C890.L?
Affirmative. C890.L receiving.
All units camouflaged. Now in search of armament and transportation.
WEEKLY RATES
LIQUOR
Will await your next transmission.

IN LOS ANGELES, THERE IS NO SUCH THING AS AN UNUSUAL SIGHT.
Cocktails
HERE, PEOPLE SAY, ONE MUST DIG BENEATH MERE APPEARANCE TO GET TO THE TRUTH.
A VERY SOUND PHILOSOPHY
ROWF ROWF ROWF ROWF ROWF
ROW ROW ARF ROWF ROWF ARF ROWF ROWF ARF
GET UP! EVERYONE UP! WHERE'S MY GUN?! EVERYONE GET UP! THEY'RE HERE!
EASY, ALAN, TAKE IT EASY. THINK ABOUT WHERE YOU ARE
THEY'RE PROBABLY JUST BARKING AT A CAT-- OR A COUPLE OF BUMS
YEAH, YEAH. I'M SORRY. I [redacted] WE WERE STILL IN THE BARRACKS, BACK HOME... AND, WELL, YOU KNOW.

YOU OKAY, ALAN?
YEAH, I'M FINE. JUST LET ME REST UP A MINUTE.
WE DON'T HAVE MUCH MORE TIME THAN THAT. MEET ME DOWNSTAIRS.
HEY, LISTEN--IF YOU'RE A LITTLE EDGY ABOUT GOING, I'LL TRADE DUTIES WITH YOU.
NO THANKS. I THINK GETTING OUT OF HERE IS JUST WHAT I NEED TO SHAKE OFF THESE JITTERS.
YEAH, I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN. THIS PLACE IS A LOT LIKE HOME, ALL BURNT OUT AND RUN DOWN.
THEN AGAIN, WE DIDN'T HAVE RE-FRIGERATORS BACK HOME, DID WE? HEH-HEH.
NO, NOT ONES THAT WORKED, ANYWAY.
Y'KNOW, IT'S FUNNY HOW WE KEEP SAYING BACK HOME. I MEAN, HOME WON'T EXIST FOR ANOTHER 30 YEARS
HEY, IF THIS ALL WORKS OUT, MAYBE IT'LL NEVER EXIST AT ALL.

[redacted]HAT A DAY! MY EARS ARE STILL RINGING FROM HIS "LUNCH HOUR" TIRADE. WHY DO I TAKE THAT CRAP FROM HIM?
IT'S NOT MY SKILLS HE HIRED ME FOR HE JUST NEEDS SOMEONE AROUND THE LAB TO TAKE OUT HIS FRUSTRATIONS ON.
WELL, IT'S A LOT LATER THAN 8:30, BUT I GUESS I'LL FORGIVE YOU.
EH? MARY?!
I HAD TO CLOSE UP TONIGHT, THAT'S WHY I'M LATE--BUT WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
WELL, I FIGURED IF I DIDN'T TAKE THE INITIATIVE, WE'D NEVER [redacted] TOGETHER.
YEAH, I GUESS I AM A BIT SHY.
JUST A BIT! GET IN.
WELL, I HAVE MY [redacted] OVER--
DON'T WORRY, I'LL BRING YOU BACK NOW GET IN.
SAY, THIS IS A REALLY NICE CAR.
[redacted] COST A BUNDLE, EH?
NOT REALLY. YOU'D [redacted] LITTLE I PAID FOR IT.

ED, TODAY AT LUNCH, DID YOU SAY YOU WORKED FOR DR HOLLISTER?
YEAH, I GUESS I MUST HAVE...UH, WHERE ARE WE GOING FOR DINNER?
UH, LISTEN, MARY, COULD YOU SLOW DOWN A BIT? YOU'RE MAKING ME NERVOUS.
YOU TWO ARE WORKING ON *PROJECT BELLEROPHON*, AREN'T YOU?
ALAN!
YAAA--!!
THAT'S BETTER.
NOW, YOU JUST COOPERATE, AND YOU WON'T GET HURT.

LINCOLN HEIGHTS IS A WELL-KNOWN NEIGHBORHOOD IN LOS ANGELES, ALTHOUGH MOST L.A. CITIZENS WOULD NEVER GO THERE.
COCAINE IS OPENLY SOLD, AND COMPETITION IS FIERCE.
IT IS A NEIGHBORHOOD WHERE ONE CAN EASILY FIND FIREARMS IN THE POSSESSION OF MOST OF ITS RESIDENTS--
--AND EVEN THE OCCASIONAL VISITOR
POLICE

MAN, I HATE THOSE CREEPS
THEY COWER LIKE RABBITS FROM THESE DOPE PUSHERS, BUT WHEN WE COME ALONG TO MAKE A BUST, THEY GATHER LIKE GODDAMN VULTURES.
ALL RIGHT, CLEMMONS! MOVE HER OUT! WE'LL TAKE UP THE REAR.
POLICE
TAKE IT EASY, KIR YOU'LL LIVE LONGER
I NEVER DID LIKE THIS STRETCH OF LIVESY BOULEVARD.
NOT A SOUL EVER OUT ON THE STREET
NEVER
GOT JUMPED TWICE HERE
WELL, YOU'VE GOT FIVE SHOTGUNS TO PROTECT YOU NOW, SO DON'T START CRYING, OKAY?
WATCH OUT!
WHUMP

OH MY GOD.. OH MY GOD!
ENOUGH WITH THE OH MY GODS.
GET OUT THERE AND SEE IF HE'S STILL [redacted]
WELL, DO I CALL THE MEAT WAGON OR E.M.S.?
AHH-AHH!
CRASHH
BOOM
C'MON, YA BASTARD! I'LL KILL YA, YA FREAK. I'LL KILL YA!
BOOM
BOOM

FIND OUT WHAT THEY'RE SHOOTING AT UP THERE. I'LL CALL FOR BACK-UP.
CHECK!
POLICE
DISPATCH, THIS IS SPECIAL UNIT "CRACKDOWN"-- DO YOU READ ME? DISPATCH, DO YOU READ ME?
EH?
WHONK

WHAT THE HELL'S GOING ON OUT THERE?!
CAN'T TELL.
SOMETHING'S BLOCKING THE VIEW INTO THE CAB.
I DON'T CARE WHAT THE RISKS ARE, I WANT DOORS THAT LOCK ON THE INSIDE NEXT TIME!
WAIT A SECOND THE SHOOTING'S STOPPED.
HOLEE SHI--
CHONK
BOOM
BOOOM

EVERYBODY OUT.

DING DONG
BERTRAM HOLLISTER HAS WORKED IN MICROELECTRONICS RESEARCH FOR THE LAST 25 YEARS OF HIS LIFE.
FOR OVER TWO DECADES HE HAS LABORED IN VIRTUAL ANONYMITY, MUCH TO HIS IRE
DING DONG
ENOUGH! I'M COMING, DAMMIT!
TONIGHT HE WILL LEARN THAT ANONYMITY HAS ITS MERITS.
DING DONG DING DONG
DING DONG
I WARN YOU, IF THAT DOORBELL BREAKS...
ASTIN? WHO ARE THESE PEOPLE? WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? I DEMAND AN EXPLANATION!
I'M SORRY, DOCTOR.
I DIDN'T WANT TO BRING THEM HERE, BUT THEY SAID THEY'D KILL ME IF--
SHUT UP!

Y-YOU'RE K.G.B., RIGHT? I-I'M NO PATRIOT.
I'LL TELL YOU WHATEVER YOU WANT TO KNOW, O-ONLY, PLEASE, DON'T HURT ME.
KILL HIM.
NOOO!
OOF!
DOCTOR, CALL THE POLICE NOW! I'LL HOLD THEM.
NO, YOU IDIOT!
NO WAY, ASTIN.
WHAT'S YOUR PROBLEM?! A SECOND AGO YOU WERE SHAKING LIKE A LEAF, AND NOW YOU'RE RISKING YOUR LIFE OVER THIS SCUMBAG? A TRAITOR?
HE'S JUST GETTING WHAT HE DESERVES.

KEESH
THIS IS THE POLICE. COME OUT WITH YOUR HANDS UP, AND NO ONE WILL GET HURT!
THE POLICE?! BUT HE NEVER EVEN GOT A CHANCE TO CALL THEM!
GET DOWN AND DON'T BREATHE. THAT'S PROBABLY TEAR GAS THEY'VE SHOT IN HERE.
HELP! HELP ME! I'M IN DANGER!
CRASHH

YOU GET YOUR ASSES RIGHT BACK OUTSIDE--
--OR I'LL SHOOT HOLLISTER DEAD WHERE HE STANDS.
A MICROCHIP COLLECTS AND DECIPHERS THE INFORMATION...
...POSITS A SOLUTION...
...AND ACTIVATES THE APPROPRIATE MECHANISMS...
...ALL IN THE BLINK OF AN EYE.
SZHAAAAAA
SKK

BOOM
BZZASK
HE SHOT AT ME!
I DIDN'T DO A THING, AND HE TRIED TO KILL ME!
SHUT UP AND FOLLOW ME, OR YOU'RE AS GOOD AS DEAD.
KEEEESH
I'll stay with Hollister. HC875.S, pursue and terminate rebel targets.
Understood.

MALFUNCTION: Left knee Inoperable.
MALFUNCTION.
MALFUNCTION.
MALFUNCT
WHAT IN GOD'S NAME IS GOING ON HERE?!
THOSE WEREN'T COPS-- THEY WERE MADMEN! AND THAT GUN!
LADY, I WANT SOME ANSWERS-- AND NO MORE LIES, YOU HEAR ME?! I WANT THE TRUTH THIS TIME!
NO, YOU DON'T, ED. BELIEVE ME, THE LAST THING YOU WANT TO HEAR IS THE TRUTH.

TERMINAL CASES

2008 S.E. MONROE STREET
MILWAUKIE, OR 97222

Not long ago by real-time measures (though quite some time ago, given when you'll be reading this), I sent out photocopies of the first issue of our brand new *Terminator* series in the hope of stimulating some commentary soon enough to print an actual letters column before the end of this four-issue run. Already the letters are beginning to trickle in, so you can be assured that we will inaugurate our letters page as of next issue. In the meantime, however, I thought I'd ramble on a bit about life, the universe, and everything -- just like my new pal **John Arcudi** did last issue.

Speaking of **John** "Oh, my achin' life!" **Arcudi**, let me tell you that we've never met face-to-face, though he gives some of the greatest phone I've ever heard! (And when he's not at home, his answering machine will literally bring me to tears of laughter. Yeah, John's a funny guy.) I hear tell he's tall and emaciated, and I imagine him with about a million earrings in one ear and little or no hair. He lives in a part of Brooklyn that even **Evan Dorkin** (you know who you are) is afraid to go to! "Cudems," as DH receptionist **Debbie Byrd** calls him, is kind of, uh, volatile -- personality-wise -- but we all know he has a heart of gold, no matter how hard he might deny it. Of course, after this sees print, he'll probably change his name to Henry and murder his editor. Oh well, it's a tough life -- comes with the territory.

Our celebrated penciller, **Chris Warner**, whose chops I love best to bust, is another story altogether. A longtime buddy of Dark Horse head honchos **Mike Richardson** and **Randy Stradley**, Chris has been a mainstay at the DH office for as long as there's *been* a DH office. It's worth noting that he keeps a signed photo of Wayne Newton by his desk -- of course, it's signed to "Theresia," whoever *that* is! Chris and I first worked together on the 1988 *Comico Christmas Special*, and although he's been described to me as Dark Horse's *enfant terrible*, I can't even *begin* to understand why; *our* working relationship has been nothing but serviceable -- I crack the whip and he draws a great book! (Hey, Chris, I don't see no snakes...!)

My relationship with **Paul Guinan** also began during my days at Comico, albeit indirectly, through our mutual buddy **Rick Taylor** -- legendary throughout the comics biz for his Pee Wee Herman impression. I've never met Paul either, though we've spoken on several occasions, but by the time you read these words, we will have gotten together at this year's San Diego Con -- and I hope to come back with lots of good stories about him, preferably some downright embarrassing ones! So, watch out, Paul, 'cause I'll be watchin' *you*!

Karen Casey-Smith is relatively new on the Dark Horse block, but we hope to keep her happy enough to stick around for quite a while. Randy calls her "the sweetest letterer in comics," and I'd be hard pressed to disagree. (But, geez, Karen, how come you rate such a nice encomium, and I get branded Bitch Queen of Comics?!)

Last, but hardly least, on the *Terminator* team is **Chris Chalenor**, Dark Horse's Production King. Where to begin when describing Chris? Well, let's just say you may not want to meet him on a dark corner -- though chances are you wouldn't meet him anywhere else! Chris has a serious aversion to sunlight, loves the rain (which makes his native Portland the perfect place for him to be), and always dresses in black. In fact, on one of those rare occasions when Chris didn't show up for work, the joke went around that maybe all his black clothes were dirty! Though Lydia's favorite, he's nonetheless loved by all -- no matter *what* his hair color happens to be. (Currently, it's mostly black, with side highlights of red and orange -- such a colorful guy!) And if you don't get to read this, it's because Chris chopped it off the negative when I wasn't looking -- as he's right now threatening to do!

Well, that's our happy little *Terminator* crew -- don'tcha just love 'em? -- and the reason this book is as great as it is. Next issue, we'll let you tell us just *how* great, as we present a sampling of your letters, starting with my old lettercol pals, **Charlie Harris** and **Liz Holden**, and my brand new letters page friend, **Mig Archey**. So, get out that ol' typewriter and pound the keys -- I'll be waiting in my glass hotel (seems like) to hear from you, too!

-- Diana "I got blisters on my fingers" Schutz